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New Republic

Harold L. Ickes' Final Column

Corruption and Democracy

Percy Winner Appraises . . .

The Vatican's New Line

FEB 9 1952

Johnson City, Tennessee

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Letters

"Heartrendingly Timely"

● May I commend you on your review of Gerald Brenan's *The Face of Spain* by Waldo Frank (*NR*, Dec. 31). It's a forthright statement of a point of view and of fact which too rarely today appear even in the *New Republic*. By the way, R. H. Tawney's article, reprinted, is beautifully and heartrendingly timely.
New York, N. Y. B. P.

Catholics and Liberalism

● . . . V. J. Giese (*NR*, Jan. 7) *in his* Catholic view of liberalism, clearly feels that the non-Catholic grouping cannot present a "valid form of social or political reform . . . unless it believes . . . in the Incarnation and Resurrection of Jesus Christ." He states further, that without this belief "freedom and justice are *at* best shaky." Attempting to expiate for these strong words, Mr. Giese concludes that he has "great respect for the good will and the generosity of non-Christian liberals." I would say *at best* the man is a misguided liberal and possibly a hypocrite.

Liberalism, which comes from the Latin word "liber" meaning free, need not necessarily have as the basic tenet the acceptance of the resurrection and incarnation of either Jesus Christ, Harry Truman or anyone else. Belief in the immortality of the soul may be based on the conviction that God, who created man, did not intend him to perish—and faith in immortality as we know it, rests on the fact of God, NOT on any event in history.

None of us want to be told what we can or what we are allowed to believe in, as that is not liberalism. None of us want to be told how to think, as that too is not liberalism. It may be wise to take cognizance of the fact, Mr. Giese, that only through association, discussion and understanding of our fellow man whether he be Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Moslem, Buddhist, Confucianist, Taoist, etc., can we ever hope to work for true and unadulterated liberalism. That was the purpose behind the United Nations, the meeting of men's minds. By restricting and limiting our associations with individuals with religions other than our own, we build up fears, hatreds and resentments in our minds and souls, and with that, the decay of liberalism and civilization.
Eugene, Ore. MORRIS G. SAHR

● . . . I cannot allow to pass unchallenged the statements made by Vincent J. Giese in his article, "Liberalism: A Catholic View," (*NR*, Jan. 7). I want to say at the outset that I concede the right of Mr. Giese, as a Catholic, to present his views.

Mr. Giese says "that without a belief in God, and at the very center of human history the fact of the Incarnation and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, there can be no valid form of social or political reform, and that the two principal planks of liberalism, justice and freedom, are at best shaky."

Surely this is not only mere verbiage, but the rankest form of sophristry? It is also extremely audacious. Justice and freedom are moral-social principles inherent in mankind, and in that sense eternal, and were known and practised centuries before Jesus was born into this world, and they are not dependent upon, nor made stronger or weaker by a belief or disbelief in him.

Certainly the writer, being a Catholic, must know his own Church's history? Does he then not know that when his Church ruled and controlled all of Europe and the belief in God and Jesus Christ was supreme, justice and freedom were unknown and even denied and arbitrarily suppressed, and that the social condition of Europe was one of dense ignorance, poverty, filth, immorality and despair—in other words the Dark Ages, which lasted for a thousand years?

His statement that "dignity was conferred on man through Jesus Christ" is a gross insult to the great men and women of the ancient world who lived before the advent of Jesus, and the many millions who have lived since who did not and do not accept Jesus Christ as their redeemer or example. . . .
Roche Harbor, Wash. F. R. SCOTT

Tidelands Oil

● Waste of the resources of the federal government is a matter of deep concern to all taxpayers at this time. What has been termed "The Biggest Steal in US History" (see US *Crime Magazine*, Jan. 16, 1952), involving upwards of $100 billion, gets but little attention. . . . US Sen. Robert Kerr, multi-millionaire Oklahoma oil man, and oil tycoon Edwin Pauley are leading an undercover effort to influence Congress to surrender oil property of that stupendous value, which the highest Court in the land has ruled as belonging to the entire nation, to the greedy hands of the officials of three states and the few large oil companies which have so long enjoyed monopolistic preferment from such officials.

There is a fair and equitable way, under existing law, whereby these three states may receive a major portion of oil royalties from such federal oil property lying adjacent to their shores without robbing the citizens of the other 45 states of their legal share therein. I refer to the Federal Mineral Leasing Act of 1920 under which public lands of the US have been administered for many, many years.

Whether it be bookmaking, bootlegging, narcotic peddling, taxdodging or the use of the "big lie" in the public press to influence legislators and to fool the public, it all comes under the one name of crime. Let's see that the "big boys" of industry also abide by the laws of the country as interpreted by our highest courts.
Los Angeles, Calif. ROBERT F. PURVIS

Truman and the Vatican

● May I offer a few comments on the letter of Miss Florence Clarke (*NR*, Dec. 24). She "regrets" your article of October 20 entitled "Truman and the Vatican," although I thought this article was very fair; so I in return regret much of her letter, especially when she accuses non-Catholics of animosity toward the Catholics; for I know of no non-Catholic country in the world where more appeasement has been extended to the Catholic Church-state than in the United States.

Nor can we agree that "the bond between the United States and the Vatican

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

A Vote for Taft

George W. Hall . . . filed Monday for delegate to the Republican national convention from the 4th congressional district. He said he believes in organized labor, and that strikers should be prosecuted for treason. – *AP dispatch from Salem, Oregon.*

Hippocrates for Hire

A medical official [Dr. E. J. Benko], here to investigate a charge that a baby died because no doctor would answer its mother's frantic pleas, said tonight a doctor is "a damn fool to go without knowing whether he's going to get paid." – *UP dispatch from Norton, Va.*

You Get Wet

The tall, handsome young Irishman [Lord Kilbracken], who describes himself as the penniless peer, has had a definite Halliburton twist to his life. He and artist Hank Niese started out last year in a car to find out what happens if you motor from London to New Zealand. – *From the Society column of the New York* World-Telegram and Sun.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE STATE DEPARTMENT is receiving grave reports from the whole Pacific area. The public hasn't been let in on it yet, but probably something has to be done soon. Whatever is done won't be pleasant. The awkward thing is that it comes in an election year when the be-deviled State Department hates to act. (Every fourth year since America was founded, foreign policy has drifted; the only new factor is that today drifting isn't passive—drifting itself is a positive, decisive and terribly dangerous policy.)

Things are bad on Formosa where Chiang's army is decaying. In South Korea our native allies want a united nation and may turn against us for settling on a stalemate. Over in Indo-China French strength is being drained, much as Britain is bleeding in Malaya. Most serious, perhaps, is the situation of Japan, the only industrialized Oriental nation. Japan can go perhaps five years without trading with China but probably not much longer. Japan looks to us to do something about China. Speaking broadly, the situation in the Pacific area is deteriorating.

The State Department has already re-oriented policy, though it hasn't attracted attention. It cleared, and made its own, the recent John Foster Dulles declaration to a Congressional committee that we must start doing something "positive" soon. The new thesis is that at present China is doing all the harassing to us; we must turn around and start harassing China. This is a controversial and crucial point. The question is—what to do? Our object is to give China enough worries at home so that she won't threaten our flanks as she is now doing in Korea and Indo-China. Korean truce talks have dragged on to a point where something more serious is almost certain to come if deadlock continues.

Taft is already using US foreign policy as a partisan weapon. His venomous reference to the fighting in Korea as "a useless war" and "Truman's war" and his statement that "every purpose of the war has now failed" have not been duplicated for reckless wartime violence since Henry Cabot Lodge attacked Woodrow Wilson in 1917-18. Taft has now fully embraced McCarthy, and it might as well be faced that he is willing to tear the nation in two in wartime if it will help make him President. All the other GOP candidates are holding back, both on McCarthy and Korea; Taft "the Respectable" is whooping it up. Foreign affairs bipartisanship is virtually impossible while he is in the race; his nomination would intensify the battle.

The best documented analysis that we have yet found of "McCarthyism" is the studious work of Professor Hornell Hart of Duke University. He and his coworkers in the "Concensus Project," using Duke University facilities, have studied 50 McCarthy allegations, have reached conclusions mild but decisive: each of the 50 "appears to involve major departures from factual correctness" which is the nice academic way of calling a man 50 times a liar. McCarthy tried to suppress this study like other recent attacks against him. Single copies cost 50 cents (or 40 cents in lots of five or more) from Professor Hart, 4653 Duke Station, Durham, N. C.

It is now known that Truman talked over Governor Adlai Stevenson's divorce at the latter's recent White House visit and concluded that it would not stand in the way of his nomination. Stevenson married Ellen Borden, heiress to the Borden milk fortune, in 1928 and they have three sons. The divorce was sought by the wife, not the husband, on the sole ground that she couldn't stand public life. The co-respondent, it appears, was politics. The divorce was granted at Las Vegas, Nev., a year after Stevenson

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became Governor of Illinois. Neither has re-married. Intimate details of Presidential possibilities are automatically, and necessarily, public property.

This is the time every four years when reformers are out with constitutional amendments to improve our system of picking Presidents. It is interesting to note how the public gradually becomes aware of the fantastic nature of the state primary system as the quadrennial anniversary returns. Soon all the papers will be in full cry about it. Indeed, almost any change would be an improvement: the present system is not merely crazy, it is fearfully and ingeniously fantastic. Our own reference file is packed with excellent reform proposals made four years ago. But soon the period of primaries will be succeeded by the exciting convention stage. Reform proposals will be forgotten. Once more party bosses will choose the two men we must vote for, whether we like them or not. Plans for direct primaries will be folded away for resurrection in 1956. Make a date now to be surprised again in February, 1956, at how screwball the whole system is!

Truman picked a pretty good man in Newbold Morris, independent Republican of New York City, to investigate the Justice Department scandals. But by keeping in office Attorney General McGrath, under whom the scandals occurred, and by long vacillation and delay, Truman took most of the point out of the inquiry. It's up to the Republicans now, of course, to yell "whitewash," and they are doing it willingly and expertly.

Notes: A little win won't help Ike in New Hampshire; anything but a smashing victory will injure him. . . . Ike has now definitely rejected the March 4 invitation to the Philadelphia *Bulletin* forum which he previously tentatively accepted. . . . The National Coal Association is fighting the Neely federal mine-safety law in favor of present flabby state legislation; it will take another good coal disaster, say about 100 casualties, to get mandatory federal legislation.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

should be, and is, a strong one . . . ; or that there is anything to be gained by sending an ambassador to the Vatican, except to the Vatican. We have already supplied huge sums of the taxpayers' money to keep the Communists in Italy from taking over that country. If the Vatican should have any useful secret information, over and above what we get from other sources, it would seem that the Vatican would advise us, at least as a matter of self protection.

Frankly, beside the matter of separation of church and state, we are in opposition for another important reason—there is danger of an all-out war with Russia. For some time now, there has been a clamor for a sort of holy crusade against Russia. Rightly or wrongly, most non-Catholics feel that this movement is spearheaded by Catholic leaders. One instance: in August, 1950, Secretary of the Navy Francis P. Matthews, a Catholic, openly and without the authority of his superior, advocated a preventive war against Russia and it was necessary for President Truman to rebuke him.

Doubtless the Vatican regrets its loss of some 40 million-odd followers in Poland and Russia, and would be gratified to recover them; but we non-Catholics will never be used willingly as a cat's paw to pull its chestnuts out of the fire. We have no desire to see millions of our young men die in the bitter cold and snows of Russia. If we have to fight Russia, which is not at all certain, it will be time enough when she attacks us or some of our democratic allies.

Therefore, we do not agree with Miss Clarke that "the growing fear among non-Catholic religious organizations is unfounded, but yet unavoidable."

Escalon, Calif. C. STEVENS

The 1952 Campaign

● The Democratic Party does not lack effective liberal, progressive leaders. But for the following reasons the Presidential candidate must be William O. Douglas.

1. The Republicans insist, despite President Truman's reproofs, that the election will be decided on the issue of foreign policy. Douglas is capable of improving and vitalizing present policies.

2. People believe, and quite correctly, that Douglas does not have any sympathy for, or support from, old-line political organizations and bosses.

3. The American people distrust military leadership in government.

Because of these factors, liberals must organize and begin work now. The election will be won or lost at the conventions.

Truman has been on record as saying he wouldn't run since November, 1948. See *Newsweek*, Nov. 15, '48. . . . (For a truly strong ticket—Adlai Stevenson for "veep.")

Pullman, Wash. NOEL M. RIDLER

● So far the current talk of a successor to Harry S. Truman has brought forth the name of only one man with stature enough to wear the Presidential mantle—Adlai E. Stevenson. As a former voter in Illinois, I feel that Stevenson combines two great requirements the Democratic standard bearer needs: moral character of the highest calibre and successful governmental administrative experience. Stevenson is above the bickerings and investigative spotlights effecting some Congressmen who have been suggested for the Presidency. But still the Democrats could hardly do better to clean out corruption and malfeasance foisted upon Truman by selfish members of his coterie than to place Stevenson at the head of their ticket.

Since 1948, Governor Stevenson has cleaned out corrupt and inefficient government left by his predecessor in Illinois. Republican voters as well as Democrats and independents who elected the forthright Stevenson by the greatest majority ever polled in the state's history supported his clean-up program as well as his welfare measures. Stevenson is a modest man and consequently his name is not a household word outside of Illinois. However with modern-day communication media, especially TV, Stevenson's warm personality—as winning as that of General Eisenhower's—could easily become as familiar as the General's.

Washington, D. C. R. M. C.

Eisenhower on the A-Bomb

● The Chicago *Sun-Times* gives this statement of General Eisenhower's view of the use of the atomic bomb. "As for atomic weapons, Eisenhower has declared any decision to use the A-bomb should depend on whether its military value outweighs moral disadvantages. 'If I thought the net were on my side I would use it instantly'."

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

The Trenton Two

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New Republic

HAROLD L. ICKES

He called himself the Old Curmudgeon, a type defined as "miser, niggard, churl." Certainly his outlook was quizzical and his manner harsh with anyone he suspected of placing private gain before public good. Words were as keen as swords when he employed them. And since few measured up to the standards he set for himself and others, few escaped his thrusts.

Yet these traits were no more than a reflection of a deeper nature in Harold Ickes, a dedication so intense that he was more of an Old Testament prophet than an Old Curmudgeon in the service of his concept of democracy.

He believed that racial justice was basic to democracy. He began political life as a civil-rights battler, and an Urban League leader in Chicago. He became the strongest spokesman the Indians ever had. He insisted that colored Americans should have a fair share of the benefits and the work load of projects of the Public Works Administration. He broke segregation in the Department of Interior and the public parks. And he broke other precedents. When Marian Anderson was refused permission to sing in Washington's Constitution Hall because of her race, it was Ickes who made it possible for her rich voice to ring out across 75,000 people assembled at the Lincoln Memorial one bright Easter Sunday afternoon.

He believed that militancy was the price of democratic survival. When the democracies were going down like nine-pins, and the rest of the government was following the lead of the British Foreign Office in seeking an accommodation with Fascists and aggressors, Ickes marched forth to battle on his own. He denounced the provision of petroleum for Mussolini's war of conquest in Ethiopia. He damned Franco's rebellion for what it was. He used his position in Roosevelt's cabinet to denounce Hitler so roundly that the Nazis never stopped demanding an apology. He used his world monopoly of helium to bar all exports for Hitler's dirigibles, while Army, Navy and State Department officials tore their hair and Hitler's tankers waited in vain at Galveston. He used his control of the Coast Guard to insist on unending inspections of Japanese freighters loading scrap iron in American ports, forcing many to return empty and so cutting down the blow that fell on Pearl Harbor.

He realized, as few men did, that the price of continued prosperity was the conservation and development of America's incomparable resources. He took over an Interior Department left in wreckage by Albert Fall. He made it the guardian of forests and public lands, and the largest generator and distributor of hydroelectric energy in the world. He used his control of electric power to break Alcoa's monopoly of aluminum. And never did he fight more fiercely than on the issue of tidelands oil. His concern was not simply to prevent the spoilation of a priceless national asset by profiteers. It was to use the asset to build better schools for America's children. The power of the opposition led others to scorn his project, but it never dismayed Ickes. "I've got an idea," he insisted, "and ideas like this can't be stopped!"

More deeply than anything else, he believed that honest administration was the price of democracy. Al Smith came to Ickes when he was given $7 billion to spend in PWA. "If you hold the graft to 15 percent," Smith remarked, "you'll be about right, and you'll make a very good record for honesty." Ickes snorted. He crushed out all traces of corruption before they could stain the government's good name.

He entered government service to attack corruption. He resigned from government service protesting the appointment of Edwin Pauley, "an active oil man, to a job that carried with it responsibility for government oil." To Truman he wrote:

> Above all departments the Department of Interior must always be on guard against any association of money with politics, and even over-zealous by the standards of some men in defending the government's legal proprietary rights. The forces that ruined Secretary Fall will always be playing upon anyone who is Secretary of the Interior. It is not now certain that other departments will be immune to similar sinister pressures. . . . As I leave the Department I feel that I ought to warn you of a cloud, now no bigger than a man's hand, that my experience sees in the sky.

This tiny cloud grew to a thunderhead after Ickes left. But in the *New Republic* he continued to shake his fist at corruption and all evil and injustice. It is typical that

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his last column, published in this issue, should express his fury at the forces of corruption and his faith that American democracy will triumph over them. It is necessary only to add that the price of that triumph is leadership, as fearless as Ickes was.

He was a fighter who never reckoned the cost, from the days in 1910 when he battled the Chicago bosses to the devastating attacks on "McCarthy, MacArthur and McStassen" that rounded out his days. He was looking forward with relish to the 1952 campaign. That campaign, and all others from now on, will be darker and duller without the lightning flashes of his scorn and wit.

His last columns were written during days of continuous pain, so excruciating that he was unable to finish columns he had begun. Yet he insisted on meeting his deadlines to the very last, fighting in the tradition of great warriors until he fell.

It is superfluous for us to add how proud we feel that these pages served as ground on which Ickes took his stand. It is better covenant to do what can be done to keep alive his spirit. Thinking now of that spirit we remember the words of Blake:

"When thou seest an eagle lift up thy head; thou seest a portion of eternity."

THE WEEK

McKANGAROO'S COURT

Testifying under oath, before the McCarran Committee, Louis Budenz swore that John Carter Vincent was the high State Department official who, as a member of the Communist Party had guided Henry Wallace's mission to China in 1944, along Communist lines. Sen. Willis Smith of the committee declared on October 5, 1951, "Mr. Vincent should come here and say . . . 'I am not a Communist' that draws the issue."

So Vincent returned from his enforced exile in Tangier and confronted the committee. Sworn to the truth he stated "I am not and never have been a Communist. I so draw the issue."

Vincent wholly substantiated evidence of Henry Wallace and Joseph Alsop, backed by General Wedemeyer and General Chennault that the Wallace mission was a blow to Communist plans. He challenged critical testimony of Eugene Dooman and Admiral Cooke, a paid employee of Chiang Kai-shek. Shifting from these charges the committee argued that Vincent, supposedly a high-ranking Communist, did not know what Communism was. "The witness," cried Sen. William Jenner of Indiana "does not know what is pro-Communistic and anti-Communistic."

The committee proceeded to hold Vincent responsible for decisions of policy reached by Secretary of State Byrnes, General Wedemeyer and Chiang Kai-shek. The charges of disloyalty stood, as far as the committee was concerned. So the Congress sends a top China expert back to Tangier branded as a traitor.

As the critical time approaches in our relations with Mao Tze-tung, there is no longer an official concerned with China affairs in the State Department who has served in China in the last 10 years.

BOOM YEAR IN POLITICS

Mystery and excitement are mounting among both Democrats and Republicans as the roles President Truman and General Eisenhower intend to play in the coming election remain in question. Professional politicians grow more and more doubtful that Eisenhower can win the Republican nomination for President *in absentia*. His volunteer-managers are making what appear to be dangerous errors in strategy (see "Phantom Ike," page 7). Anything less than a sweeping victory in the New Hampshire primary on March 11 is likely to slow the Eisenhower bandwagon down considerably, especially if the General continues to remain in Europe. In that connection, the outcome of the Republican National Convention next June may be largely influenced by what happens at the crucial NATO conference in Lisbon this month.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization is reported in serious trouble on several fronts. The coming meeting in Portugal should reveal how deep-seated these troubles are and whether they can be worked out speedily enough to permit Eisenhower's returning home to campaign early in the spring. The fate of the Republicans may hinge on that.

Doubt is growing that there will be any early indication from President Truman as to his intentions. If he is pursuing Franklin Roosevelt's third-term strategy, then continued silence is obviously in order. If he has decided that in all probability he will step down in favor of Governor Adlai Stevenson, as many believe, then for several reasons he may keep quiet for the time being.

In the first place, it would be far easier for Truman to assure Stevenson's nomination by garnering up delegates for himself and handing them over to the Governor at convention time than by putting the relatively little-known Stevenson out in front to seek delegates on his own.

There is little question, in the latter event, that well-publicized Estes Kefauver would swamp Stevenson in so important a primary as that in California, for example. In the second place, the Stevenson boom arose so suddenly that there was no time for Illinois Democrats to give thought to a replacement for him as candidate for Governor before the final date for filing for that position was passed.

Now presumably Stevenson must at least go through with the primary stage of the gubernatorial campaign before turning his energies toward higher office. Under Illinois law, a primary

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nominee who withdraws before the final election can be replaced on the ballot by a candidate selected by the State Central Committee of the party to which he belongs. It is therefore possible for Stevenson, after his almost certain nomination in the April 8 Illinois primary, to seek the nomination for President and, if he wins the higher post, withdraw from the gubernatorial race without wrecking his organization's chances of remaining in control.

Meanwhile Robert A. Taft, for the Republicans, and Estes Kefauver, for the Democrats, energetically pursue convention votes, singly or by the dozen, wherever a preferential Presidential primary or a contest over delegates creates the opportunity.

THE END OF THE AFFAIR

Three British authors have recently tried to get visas to enter America. Stephen Spender, the poet, who had been in America several times as a professor, lecturer and reader, was denied his visa. Graham Greene, England's leading Catholic novelist, was also denied his. Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet, has been admitted.

Obviously, the State Department is responsible under law to judge each application on its merit. But the major issue, and it reaches far beyond political boundaries alone in these three apparently minor routine applications, is precisely whether the real merit of Greene's application has been even remotely considered.

In deciding the merit of this author's application the American consul in Saigon had two burdens. The first was philosophic and is twofold: so long as we depend upon the tradition John Milton set down in "The Areopagitica" perpetuating freedom of the printed word, any action which excludes Graham Greene from entering this country is insidiously tantamount to censorship by a newly created licensor of his spoken words—all before he shall have uttered them. The other issue—that on intellectual freedom—was well argued by Dr. Lawrence A. Kimpton, chancellor of the University of Chicago, in his letter on Greene to Secretary Acheson.

The second burden is simpler, for it was factual: Greene is a Catholic whose long literary career recorded his stand to date against violence and untruth. Then, there is the matter of the prank while he attended Cambridge University, when he joined the English Communist Party for four weeks, paying 28 cents in dues. For this his visa was denied.

NEGRO GOVERNOR

TULSA, OKLA. (NR Corresp.)

Oklahoma Hi-Y youths ignored traditional racial prejudices to the consternation of their adult leaders when they elected a 17-year-old Negro boy as the youth governor of their first model legislature, sponsored by the Young Men's Christian Association. The model legislature was held in Oklahoma City, January 25-27.

Setting a precedent in the state just south of the Mason-Dixon line, the 150 teen-age boys and girls, representing Hi-Y chapters from a score of cities, refused to yield to political advisors pressuring them to maintain white supremacy in their program. They voted overwhelmingly to seat Don Simmons, son of a wealthy Negro lease broker as their "Governor," and then shared their experimental government with nearly 35 Negro youths represented from over the state.

Four months ago Roy J. Turner, former Governor of Oklahoma, and recently resigned treasurer of the national Democratic committee, set up a statewide committee of adults to sponsor the program. This committee voted to make the program interracial.

When the first pre-legislative conference was called, 120 high-school youths met on the University of Oklahoma campus at Norman. Included among the chapter delegates were 25 Negroes. A youth nominating committee, composed of 20 members, scanned "filings" and were not satisfied with their gubernatorial candidates. After checking the qualifications of others present, the committee recommended that Don Simmons, an honor student at Muskogee's Negro Manual Training School file for the governorship. Adult leaders, behind the scenes, brought about the withdrawal of one white youth who had filed for governor, hoping to swing solid white support to the remaining candidate and defeat Simmons. The political maneuvering backfired and Simmons was elected by a vote of 70 to 50.

When the model legislature convened January 25, adult leaders were dubious. Checks were made to determine if adult organizations might be sponsoring the Negro youth governor. No trace of any organized movement was found. On the first afternoon, legislature galleries were crowded with Negro adults, but there were no demonstrations.

Mike Wilkerson, 18-year-old white youth of Lawton, who was elected lieutenant governor, expressed the opinion of most of the Hi-Y members when he said:

> If people could work with Don Simmons as we have, they would know he was the logical choice of our group to head this important program. We all agree he is far more capable of being fair and unprejudiced, and is better capable of handling this situation than any of us.

Oklahoma's real Governor, Johnston Murray, made his regularly scheduled address of welcome before the youths. However, by pre-arrangement, Governor Murray and "Governor Simmons" never appeared on the rostrum simultaneously. Young Don Simmons plans seeking enrollment at Harvard next year to study law.

PHANTOM IKE

PORTLAND, ORE. (NR corresp.)

In Oregon the Eisenhower forces may be getting ready to outsmart themselves. Oregon law does not require a candidate to give his consent to having his name appear on the Presidential primary ballot. The Eisenhower adherents in the state believe this affords a golden opportunity to pit their man against Senator Taft in a test at the polls. As a result, they themselves may promote the entrance of Taft in the May 16 Oregon sweepstakes.

This strategy would be eminently sound if the backers of Ike could be guaranteed that the crucial Oregon primary would remain exclusively between Taft and the five-star General of the Armies. Taft very probably would lose. Because the Oregon con-

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test comes so close to the Republican convention, the psychological effect of this could be very great.

But Harold Stassen is making gestures in the direction of Oregon and so is Earl Warren. Stassen still has some followers, and it must be remembered that four years ago in Oregon he was heralded as "progressive" by contrast with Thomas E. Dewey's alleged conservatism. It is the Warren candidacy, however, which could be serious for an absent Eisenhower. As Governor of the largest Western state, Warren has definite appeal to a Western electorate. A substantial Swedish minority in Oregon would be attracted by his Scandinavian background. Furthermore, he is right on such issues as power, reclamation, forestry and flood control—and on these issues the position of General Eisenhower is unknown.

It could all add up to a Taft victory, with the Senator taking advantage of an opening accorded him by Eisenhower's backers. Stassen would nibble at the Eisenhower following and Earl Warren would take huge chunks from it. Actually, the Oregon Republican primary represents a pretty hard core of conservatism. Some people have been led to believe that the state's liberal Republican, Sen. Wayne L. Morse, is quite typical of Oregon Republicanism.

In a two-way race with Taft in Oregon, Ike's glamor probably would pull him through. But if Warren and Stassen subdivide the Eisenhower strength, this could be Taft's great chance. Nor has campaigning *in absentia* been thoroughly tested. A corporeal Taft might have surprising appeal when contrasted with a phantom Eisenhower, who is 6,000 miles away in Paris.

FILIBUSTERS UPHELD

Chances for any action on civil-rights legislation at this session of Congress are slim. The Senate Rules Committee has approved a timid ineffective cloture proposal and at the same time has set aside three measures that would have put teeth in the anti-filibuster rules. By a vote of 10 to 2, with Sen. William Benton (D, Conn.) and Theodore Green (D, R.I.) dissenting, the committee reported out a resolution originally sponsored by the late Sen. Kenneth Wherry that would impose cloture by a vote of two-thirds of the Senators present. The present bill, also a product of Senator Wherry, requires a vote of two-thirds of the entire Senate. Neither method will effectively limit debate since, with a solid bloc of Southerners, it is virtually impossible for pro-civil-rights forces to attain more than a clear majority vote on a controversial issue.

Resolutions that would permit imposition of cloture by a simple majority of the Senators present at a session were overwhelmingly defeated despite the fact that both the Republican and Democratic Party platforms have supported civil-rights measures, repeatedly filibustered to death because of the archaic Senate rule. Senator Benton, who led the anti-filibuster fight, has announced that he will substitute one of the stronger resolutions if the proposal gets to the Senate floor this year. Moreover, he plans to introduce legislation that would set up a commission to overhaul Senate rules—a job that hasn't been done since 1881.

BURMA INCIDENT

International "incidents" usually occur in centers of population. Explosions in Sarajevo, Shanghai and Havana have touched off worldwide conflicts. In Southeast Asia, however, there is now serious danger of a conflict arising out of some jungle hills in east Burma which have hardly been mapped. The area is a wild tract southeast of the famed Burma Road; the cause, some 10,000 defeated Kuomintang troops who fled across the border two years ago and have been maintaining themselves off the land.

These refugee Nationalists were thrown into the world lime-light several weeks ago when Soviet delegates in the UN charged that the group was being maintained in Burma under the command of two American generals, seven colonels and 27 majors for aggressive purposes. The Soviet statements, and similar ones in the Chinese and Burmese Communist press, implied strongly that the KMT group provide a strong provocation for overt Chinese interference in the various Southeast Asian civil conflicts. Actually there is no American military mission in Burma. In its 1947 treaty, Britain obtained the exclusive right to maintain military advisory missions in the country. But there has obviously been contact between Chiang and the jungle troops. General Li Mi, their commander, has received shipments of arms from Formosa sent through Thailand, and with US approval. He is now on Formosa where he recently held a press conference stressing his role in the struggle against Communism.

Burma, which largely follows India in its attitude toward Mao Tse-tung, is in a tough spot. Its government has now announced that it will proceed against the KMT troops and disarm them. But this is easier said than done, for the small Burmese army is already struggling to conquer half a dozen groups of insurgents—among them the Stalinist-inclined White Flag Communists, the independent Red Flag Communists, the Karen tribesmen and a group of Moslem separatists near the Pakistan border. Fortunately an expected union between the insurgents has not come off, and the dry season is already half over. But the task of rounding up 10,000 well-armed troops is still far beyond Burma's capacity.

Meanwhile these troops offer to the Chinese Communists a classic and persuasive argument for invading Burma, since the Burmese Government is unable to bring them under control.

EDWARDS THE GREAT

Frank Edwards, liberal news commentator sponsored by the American Federation of Labor, nicknamed "The World's Greatest Radio Commentator" (*NR*, Sept. 10, 1950), has been voted one of the three top men in his field by the Motion Picture Daily's sixteenth annual radio poll for *Fame* magazine. He was topped only by Edward R. Murrow and Lowell Thomas.

Edwards' high rating is all the more remarkable in that he has only been on a national hookup two years in contrast to Murrow's 14 years and Thomas' 20.

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THE VATICAN'S NEW LINE

by Percy Winner

THE VATICAN has made quite clear its attitude toward any envoy from the United States whom President Truman may appoint and the Senate may confirm. Such a man, to be acceptable at the Holy See, would have to be a formal ambassador plenipotentiary of the government. A personal agent would no longer be welcome. The exceptional circumstances which justified the presence of Myron C. Taylor have disappeared; now the normal circumstances are exceptional and call for normal conduct on the part of the American Government, even though many Americans consider it exceptional.

And regardless of the legal technicalities of protocol or of the contrary views in the United States, the man appointed would have to be more than merely a diplomat accredited to the secular state of Vatican City. He would need to be also, indeed primarily, a link between the American Government and the Roman Catholic Church as a universal institution concerned with all men's souls and hence practically with the destiny of the human bodies which are temporarily the carnal envelope of those souls, to please the Vatican.

Both these points have been set down a number of times in recent months. They have been couched, to be sure, in the grayish prose that is as close as the *Osservatore Romano* ever gets to black and white. But if the intricately oblique style of Count Giuseppe dalla Torre, Professor Cesidio Lolli, and others have caused confusion, there has been no ambiguity whatsoever in what has been said to American visitors by Monsignor Montini, Monsignor Tardini and Pope Pius XII.

The second of the two points, of obvious importance in terms of American domestic politics, has taken on even greater significance because of a recent event in domestic Italian politics. The Pope has appointed Professor Luigi Gedda as President-General of Italian Catholic Action. In doing so he has named a new—and his own personal —contender for political control of the Italian Government. More important, he has by the appointment given impressive confirmation that the Roman Catholic Church, as such, and not simply as a nominally sovereign few square yards of secular state, is in politics actively, on a large scale, and to stay.

Until the beginning of this year the number-two man and the number-three man of Italian politics were Alcide de Gasperi and Palmiro Togliatti. The Pope himself was of course the number-one man. For the separation of Church and State during the period of the "Roman Question" from 1870 until 1929 was merely a brief interlude in a long historical process of varying types of connection. From the very moment the Pope assumed the Triple Tiara, it was plain that the connection would once more be very close. Pope Pius XII had not only been his predecessor's Secretary of State. By training, experience and temperament too he was a profoundly political figure. And since the war he has gradually been evolving a new and closer joining of Church and State, which the Gedda appointment brings toward culmination.

De Gasperi had been before the war the Pope's librarian at the Vatican. He rose to power as the head of the Christian Democratic Party, the heir and continuer of Don Luigi Sturzo's (Catholic) Popular Party, frankly and vigorously clerical. Even Togliatti, though head of the Communist Party and necessarily therefore anti-clerical, was—and is—by no means an unrelenting enemy of the Roman Catholic Church. It was he who in the immediate postwar period prevented the new Italian state from heeding the demand of the anti-clerical democrats, republicans and Socialists for a return to some modified form of separation of Church and State. It was his refusal to grant Communist votes that made Parliament unable to scrap the Lateran Pact worked out by Benito Mussolini and Cardinal Gasparri through the benevolent offices of Jesuit Father Tacchi-Venturi. Togliatti has always astutely refrained from any gesture or word that might be interpreted as a challenge of the religious faith of all but a trivial minority of the Italian people. And this has been firm policy especially since the Communists have been bidding for peasant support and trying to invade the strongholds of the political Right in the south of Italy, Sicily and Sardinia.

Moreover both de Gasperi and Togliatti have been—and are—major political figures not only in Italy, but in Europe. The leader of the Christian Democats has done more than any other statesman—more even than Robert Schuman, Paul Reynaud, René Pleven or Konrad Adenauer—to further the cause of the "Christian Europe" which offers to show the way to Western European unity. And since the defection of Marshal Tito (and even more so after the "retreat to Moscow" of Maurice Thorez), the leader of the Italian Communists has been Moscow's major spokesman in the West. Thus, though the timing of the Gedda appointment and its immediate impact primarily affect Italian domestic politics, they also relate to the Vatican's intentions in Europe and in the world.

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Two installments of the Italian local elections—the equivalent of American elections for city and state offices —have taken place. Both have—by means of an election law adopted by the Christian Democrats for the purpose —taken offices away from the Communists. But both have also shown popular Communist voting strength and Christian Democratic weakness.

The third and last installment is to take place some time this spring. It will be held in the South, and will be important for at least two reasons: it may reverse the verdict of the Center and North of the country, and as such have a strong influence on the national legislative elections which should be held later this year or early next. The South is backward, feudal, reactionary, marked with the imprint of centuries of misrule or neglect, and of years of promises of social and economic reform that were not carried out. It has traditionally been the fief of the monarchists; and now it is the target of the strongest efforts of the Communists and of the neo-Fascists MSI —Italian Social Movement.

The naming of Gedda by the Pope to a role which makes him a direct competitor not only with Togliatti but also with the formerly favored de Gasperi is taken to mean that the Vatican wants to make sure that the South will be won. And behind that interpretation is the clear implication that the era of the Church's working quietly, mildly, indirectly from the sidelines through a sincere moderate conservative has ended. De Gasperi's inability either to dominate and rule the Vespisti—the men of the far Right in his own party—or to win mass support for the Left of his party has opened the way for Gedda, a new type of Catholic politician and "chosen instrument" for Vatican politics—in Italy almost certainly, and perhaps in the world too.

Gedda is a gynecologist and a university professor (of experimental psychology). He is also an expert on the subject of twins about which he has written a monumental work. But though he and de Gasperi are both ardent and faithful Catholics carrying out the political directives of the Church, the two men are as far as possible from being twins in temperament and approach.

De Gasperi is almost the prototype of the mild, warm, humane middle-of-the-road man of compromise, in many ways rather like Togliatti who is often called *il moderatore* or *il migliore*. In no sense a democrat in the American sense, he is nevertheless equally far from being a typical representative of the "classical Right" and he has nothing in common with the fanatics or the ruthless political tricksters of neo-Fascism. During the last year he has made serious and dangerous concessions to the Right. Yet he stands against the triumph of reaction as vigorously as an honest man lacking daring, color or imagination can.

On the other hand, Gedda has the Fascist temperament if not its goals. A good thumbnail sketch of him was given by Nicola Chiaramonte in the current number of the *Partisan Review*:

> People who know him say that he is a fanatic, an astute and cold-blooded politician, quite capable, should things go that far, of playing the role of an Italian Salazar with the support both of the neo-Fascists and of the left-wing corporatist Demochristians.

Gedda became the leading Catholic politician in Italy —and potentially in Europe—not many months after the resignation from the de Gasperi Christian Democratic team of Deputy Giuseppe Dossetti, leader of the left-wing. His appointment was not a matter of routine: to make room for him at the head of Catholic Action, his predecessor Dr. Vittorino Veronese, also a mild man, was removed nine months before the expiration of his term of office and relegated to the high-sounding but relatively unimportant post of Secretary-General of the Permanent Committee of International Congresses for the Laical Apostolate.

Moreover, Gedda's promotion cannot fail to be interpreted as a vote of non-confidence in de Gasperi, typically oblique in the traditional manner of the Vatican. For Gedda, after the second installment of the local elections last summer, openly attacked de Gasperi for his "exasperated democratic praxis" and criticized "democratic fanaticism." And at the same time (as I reported in the *NR*) the Pope received in private audience a group of Sicilian neo-Fascists including the former Minister of Propaganda in Mussolini's "Salo Republic" in 1944.

The story of the Vatican's direct intervention in Italian domestic politics also begins in 1944: as Fascist syndicalism was liquidated, the Church played seriously with the idea of fostering official Catholic sharing in an entirely new, united national labor-union organization. The Jesuit monthly *Civilta Cattolica*, which is very close to the Vatican's official views on major developments, had been criticizing such a movement as being opposed to the Church's notions of social justice. These had been expressed, for example, in the encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quod Apostolici muneris* of Leo XIII; *Singulari quadam* of Pius X; and others issued by Pius XI and Pius XII.

But in 1944, the magazine changed its stand; and during that year the Pope himself even went so far as to quote approvingly remarks made by Communist Labor-boss Di Vittorio, the head (then and now) of the CGIL, the General Confederation of Italian Labor. The CGIL's

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organ *Il Lavoro*, retaliating in kind, published an enthusiastic article about *"il Papa sindacalista."*

During the next two years, the Pope's friendliness toward men like Di Vittorio cooled steadily. Yet negotiations between the "white unions" of the Catholics and the red ones of the Communists continued. Both sides —and even more so the major political leaders on both sides—jockeyed for position, each hoping his side would be able to dominate the "united labor front" and thereby create the mass basis for political control of the country. A new organization, ACLI, the Association of Italian Catholic Workers bid for support against the CGIL; the *Civilta Cattolica* through its labor-union expert, Father Brucculeri, and *Il Quotidiano*, the daily newspaper of Catholic Action, kept up a running fire of polemic. And Togliatti's willingness to support the insertion of the Lateran Pact in the Republic's Constitution was part of the maneuvering.

Meantime, however, the Vatican decided that it would be easier and safer to act politically from the top—from the vantage of the Christian Democratic Party — than from the masses. The Communists were dropped from the Cabinet, and Catholic Action began to replace the ACLI as the Church's favored lever.

It was in 1947 that Father Lombardi, a brilliant Jesuit priest, a masterful orator and a man of creative imagination, came forward with the idea of "civic committee" —groups set up in all parts of the country to carry out propaganda and get practical results for the Church's political directives. Their field of action was a rather different and even broader concept of direct mass action than had been foreseen before. Father Lombardi spent most of 1947 preaching in favor of the mobilization of all Catholic resources behind such committees and such action. In doing so he was carrying out the Jesuit plan, evolved by Father Oddone in 1945, of a "crusade" of "unification of Catholic forces."

The plan at this stage, according to Vittorio Gorresio, writing in the excellent Liberal weekly *Il Mondo*, was to set up a national consultative body, dependent upon Catholic Action, and co-ordinating the work of all Catholic religious and laical groups and bodies in all diocese, regions, cities, towns, hamlets. Locally, the co-ordinating organ would be the *comitato civico*.

At the moment when Father Lombardi was ready to start action, someone at the Vatican (probably Monsignor Montini, acting as the Pope's Secretary of State, according to Gorresio) ordered that the job be turned over to Gedda. It was an important change. Though the mechanisms planned by Lombardi and put into effect by Gedda were similar, the Jesuit Father's goal was service of religion as such, while the Catholic layman's was to win political power for the Church, and in particular from the Communists and the political Left in general. In the autumn of 1947, the Pope said, addressing a gathering of Men of Catholic Action: "The time of thinking and planning has passed; the time of action has come. Are you ready? The contrasting fronts in the religious and moral field are becoming ever clearer; this is the hour of the test."

In a Christmas radio broadcast, he said: "Your hour has come. In days of struggle, your place is in the front line on the battle front. The timid and the shirkers are close to becoming deserters and traitors."

In February, 1948, it was clear that when the Pope said "you," he meant Gedda and his followers. The story of how Gedda made a "crusade" of getting out the anti-Communist vote in the national legislative election of April 18, 1948, and how he succeeded (with the generous and thorough-going help of the American Government) is too well known to need detailed re-telling. The job was a triumph of careful, efficient organization, the best American political techniques were combined with a militant drive reminiscent of earlier totalitarian methods and with a variety of religiose stimulation that often did not fall short of pressure and threat. There were a national civic committee, regional inspectorates, zonal committees, and local committees, each with section and group leaders, pep-men (*animatori*) and propagandists. There are 24,000 parishes in Italy, and the newspaperman Corrado Pallenberg estimated the number of committees as 19,000. These were supported by 850 different kinds of Catholic organizations.

A hint of why Gedda may be considered useful (if not urgently needed) for the forthcoming local elections in the Center and South of Italy is the fact that, before the 1948 election, Gedda sent 3,000 propagandists to the central and southern regions. Of these, 2,700 put in 120,000 days of travel. The results were not uniformly good; but the main result—the rout of the Communists —was excellent.

Gedda's success was so personal and so great—it was obvious that he alone had done far more to defeat the Communists than de Gasperi or any other Christian Democrat—that serious resistances appeared among the more moderate or old-fashioned men both in the Party and in Church circles. During the rest of 1948, while the Vatican kept discreetly out of it, there was a controversy between the two factions. Perhaps to prove that he could not only win political battles but also make political miracles, Gedda in the spring of 1949 set out to do what the Pope had wanted to do in 1944 and 1945. He used

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the techniques that had been so successful in getting votes, in an effort to cause a large-scale shift of membership from the "red" unions to the "white" ones. A new weekly edited by the civic committee, called *l'Interesse del Lavoratore*—the Interests of the Worker—spearheaded the propaganda.

The ACLI had succeeded, before Gedda turned to labor-union work, in splitting away from the CGIL a new organization called the LCGIL—the Free (anti-Communist) General Confederation of Italian Labor. But the old group still had more than four million members, the new less than one million. Gedda's goal was to get two million new members for the LCGIL.

This time Gedda failed miserably. The LCGIL got only a handful of new members. Yet the Pope appointed Gedda vice-president of Catholic Action—a consolation prize since only the presidency carried the power the specialist in twins coveted. On the eve of Holy Year, the Pope preached "The Great Return" of Communists to the Church (after having threatened them with excommunication). Again Gedda went to work, using his well-known techniques. Again a new weekly *Vie Noste*—Our Paths—was created to counter the Communist *Vie Nuove*—New Paths. The stated goal now was to win back to real support of the Church and to true Catholic life not only Communists, but slacker Catholics, atheists, Protestants, Freemasons.

In this new crusade, the role Jesuit Father Lombardi had filled in 1947 and 1948 was taken by a new ally: Gedda worked with Dominican Father Morlion, a Belgian priest, who was considered a specialist in mass psychology and propaganda. From Morlion, Gedda took the slogan "smiling and sympathetic (friendly) Christianity." But the priest's public-relations approach and Gedda's harsh militancy did not work well together. Once again Gedda failed: nothing like the goal he had set for this third crusade was achieved.

At this point, the enemies of Gedda scored against him. Although the Pope liked Gedda very much personally and had the greatest confidence in him, he called him to order. In June, 1950, the Pope addressed the diocesan heads of Catholic Action and suggested quite plainly that the activities of Catholic Action had better remain under ecclesiastical control. After all, he said, Article 43 of the Concordant between the Holy See and Italy ruled out the use of Catholic Action as the organization of a political party.

But no mention was made of the civic committees. And when, on the eve of the local elections of 1951, the committees went back to work exactly as they had three years before—in the specifically political field in which they had *not* failed—the *Osservatore Romano* said:

> The civic committees are the free expression of free citizens who though Catholic, purely Catholic, address themselves to citizens of the same faith in the name of and under the auspices of public liberty. And that liberty, unless we are mistaken, does not at all mean that only political parties may carry out activities in the national community.

And the Jesuit *Civilta Cattolica* discovered surprisingly but conveniently that the Concordant was not in danger because "the national civic committee does not depend on Catholic Action." This was a slightly different situation than in 1948. Though Gedda's committees worked hard and though such prelates as Cardinal Schuster and Cardinal Elia Dall Costa actively and openly supported them, their effectiveness was limited by the attitude of the Church itself: the Holy See was ambivalent, and Gedda was not given full support.

It was plain after the election, moreover, that the result reflected the ambivalence. The Communists lost seats; but they did so because of the election law. They held votes, and the plain implication was that Gedda could not work under wraps.

The attacks on de Gasperi in the articles Gedda published after the elections were a declaration of war against moderation in the Vatican-supported party and ambivalence in the Vatican itself. Above all, he said plainly, democracy was at fault: the path to Italy's salvation which in 1948 had been away from the danger of Communism was now away from the "annoyances of democracy." He wrote in the *Quotidiano*: "Democracy must put brakes on its virtuosos, and keep the internal process of self-criticism within limits bearable to the public."

This means plainly that the pendulum of Vatican policy has swung to the opposite extreme from the experimentation with reform, social justice and the appeal to the working class. It means that, the second and third Gedda "crusades" having failed, the Vatican has now elevated the gynecologist-politician to a place threatening de Gasperi's so that he may carry out a fourth ultra-political crusade with methods and goals as politically surgical as those of the neo-Fascists and the totalitarian "Left" corporatists. It means finally that the distinction between Church and State, already withering away, is now to be cut away—in so far as Catholic Action now openly equates political action on behalf of the purpose of the Roman Catholic Church.

And it is to the Church in this mood, and acting in this way; and not to a tiny secular sovereign state, that any Ambassador of the United States, if named and confirmed, must perforce bring some of the power and much of the prestige of American democracy.

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THE TYRANNY OF WORDS

by Philip M. Stern

ON THURSDAY, January 10, seizing the session's first opportunity for extraneous debate,, the Senate's new Republican floor leader, Styles Bridges (N.H.), rose to introduce a resolution on behalf of himself and 37 of his Republican colleagues which in effect, he said, was "a request that the President recall Mr. [Philip C.] Jessup," currently serving as a US delegate at the United Nations General Assembly in Paris.

Bridges noted the fact that just before the adjournment of the first session of the 82nd Congress last October a Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee had voted, 3 to 2, against the Jessup nomination. Bridges complained that the President had taken advantage of the Senate's failure to act and had given Dr. Jessup an "interim appointment" which will not expire until after the General Assembly is expected to adjourn in mid-February. If approved, the Bridges resolution would advise the President of the "Senate's conviction that Mr. Jessup does not command the confidence of the American people."

With this resolution, the 38 Republicans (excluding some members of the "liberal wing" of the party) breathed new life into an issue which otherwise was fading fast.

To put their move in true focus, it is necessary to review the circumstances of Jessup's rejection by the Senate Committee last fall.

It was a curious combination of forces that brought about the vote against a man confirmed by the Senate only two years earlier for exactly the same post, without a hearing, and without objection. There were Joe McCarthy and Harold Stassen, who focussed the spotlight of sensational controversy on the hearings. There was the American press which helped create the unfavorable atmosphere surrounding the nomination. And there was Jessup himself who appears unwittingly to have aided his enemies by his unfortunate misuse of a single word—the word "consider."

It was about 7 p.m. in his second day of testimony when Dr. Jessup read a prepared statement in answer to a Stassen charge that Jessup and Secretary of State Dean Acheson had favored the recognition of Communist China. The statement had already been handed to the press, and there were only a few reporters who remained in the room.

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Dr. Jessup's statement began: "The United States has never considered the recognition of Communist China." Jessup then went on to enumerate five additional points in our recognition policy, consuming approximately one minute, by the clock, before Sen. Alexander H. Smith, a close friend of Jessup's, broke in to comment:

"In the first [sentence] you say, 'The United States has never considered. . . .' You mean in the sense of doing it, but it certainly has considered it."

Jessup replied, "That is correct, Senator. That word might be subject to misinterpretation. It [the State Department] naturally considered the problem. What I meant by that was that it has never reached the point at which it contemplated that that action might be taken."

An hour later, just before the hearing adjourned at 8 o'clock, Jessup's principal adversary on the committee brought up the word "consider" and enunciated a point of view that was to be echoed not by the State Department's enemies, but by its supporters. "In fact," said Sen. Owen Brewster (R, Me.), *"I think you would have been delinquent if you had not given consideration to it,"* to which Jessup replied, "Certainly."

Chairman John Sparkman of Alabama neatly trimmed the ragged edges of the word "consider." "There was no *intention* on the part of the State Department of extending recognition," said Sparkman.

Ambassador Jessup: "Thank you, Senator. I think that clarifies it. I do think my use of language here is ill-chosen."

Senator Smith of New Jersey: "I think the witness has made very clear what he meant by it."

Chairman Sparkman: "Yes, I believe we all understand." The hearing was adjourned.

If the wire-service reporters were present in room 212 of the Senate Office Building at 8 p.m. of October 4 to hear this unanimous accord on the meaning of "consider," they failed to bring it to the public's attention. It was the flat statement of the State Department's mimeographed "handout"—"The United States has never considered recognition . . . "—that went out on the wires that night. For example, the Associated Press report of the hearing, appearing in the *Christian Science Monitor* the next day, began, "Ambassador-at-Large Philip C. Jessup has sworn that the United States has 'never considered the recognition of Communist China'." The United Press story was similar.

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Even the New York *Times'* William S. White and the *Herald Tribune's* Don Irwin, who covered the hearings steadily, failed to report the clarification. Apparently only two reporters, William Knighton Jr. of the Baltimore *Sun*, and Alfred Friendly of the Washington *Post* included the interchange in their reports of the October 4 hearings, but even Friendly's careful story was undone by the *Post* headline: "JESSUP DENIES RECOGNITION OF RED CHINA WAS CONSIDERED."

Time magazine reported the Jessup hearing to its guaranteed circulation of 1.6 million readers by saying:

> In trying to refute this [the Stassen charges of favoring recognition], Jessup made one of the most startling statements in all the recent reviews of US Asia policy. He said, "The United States has never considered recognition of Communist China."

After devoting six paragraphs to proving the falsity of this statement, (which Jessup readily admitted in the hearings), *Time* went on to comment:

Jessup's bland effort to show that he and others never entertained the idea of recognizing Red China is a continuation of a monumental State Department project: an attempt to rewrite the Department's private history so that it will read better in the light of current events.

To the newsreading public, therefore, the United States "had never considered recognizing Red China," period. But the public gets its impressions of events in Washington not only through the eyes of the Washington wire-service reporters, but even more vividly from the pens of the editorial writers, who draw conclusions on the basis of a recapitulation of facts they get, by and large, from the wire-service reports. Undoubtedly the misunderstanding over the word "consider" would not have played such an important role in the rejection of the Jessup nomination had it not set the tone of considerable editorial comment, from normally friendly quarters as well as from the chronic critics.

(*Continued on page 23*)

DIXIE—A PATTERN OF VIOLENCE

by Leonard Schroeter

THE CHRISTMAS night bombing-murder of Harry T. Moore at his home in Mims, Fla., was not simply another wanton example of terror. It was part of a pattern of open warfare against the struggle that has been made toward equal citizenship by minority groups. At the time of his death, Moore was the state co-ordinator of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and Executive Secretary of the Progressive Voters League of Florida, an organization which he founded to stimulate political activity among Negroes. On Christmas morning a further bombing of a Jewish community center was narrowly averted. The following day two more bombing attempts were made, but as yet neither the state authorities nor the federal government have found a single culprit.

Florida is not the only storm center. The South has many. On November 19, John Lester Mitchell, one of three Negro plaintiffs on behalf of whom the NAACP had filed a suit to secure their right to register and vote, was shot by special Deputy Sheriff David Lanclos in Opelousas, La. The suit was scheduled for argument the week after Mitchell was killed. No action has been taken against the killer.

Rev. J. A. Delaine, who served as chairman of a parents' committee which initiated a suit against segregation in the public schools of Clarendon County, S. C., had his home burned to the ground; he has been discharged from his job as a public-school teacher and forced to leave his home town and his church. He has been found liable for $41,500 in a "slander" suit, and his life has been threatened. No one has been penalized for this more subtle terror.

Outside the South, in California, in the wake of state Sen. Jack Tenney's drive to repeal all present civil-rights laws and substitute legislation permitting discrimination in public places, that state has suffered its own brand of terror. Three officials of the NAACP who were building new homes on adjoining lots in Redding, Calif., have had their houses burned to the ground. The house of Rev. W. N. Brent, a prominent Negro clergyman, was burned on November 7, in Santa Cruz, Calif., because he dared to move into a decent neighborhood.

All these atrocities, whether they were directed at Negro leaders, plaintiffs in important cases or simply minority groups generally, can be understood only in the context of significant recent events.

In the spring of 1950, the Supreme Court in the Sweatt and McLaurin decisions ruled that Negroes could no longer be excluded from the graduate and professional schools of the South. This decision opened the way for a series of cases, two of which are presently before the Supreme Court, which attempt to extend the logic of the Sweatt and McLaurin opinions to elementary and high schools, and which seek to void as violative of the equal-

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protection clause of the Constitution the whole Southern pattern of "Jim Crow" in the school systems. Several years earlier, the Supreme Court had declared that primary elections in the South must be opened to Negro voters, and a subsequent case declared invalid a South Carolina evasion of this ruling. In another historic decision the Court declared that restrictive covenants excluding Negroes from property could not be enforced by any state court.

The net effect of this remarkable series of legal victories was a shattering blow to efforts to deprive Negroes of equal rights. The whole edifice of segregation and white supremacy, upon which white Southerners have based their economic, political and social power, was badly shaken. Even traditional weapons for keeping dissidents in check were blunted. In the Groveland case, Southern justice was castigated by Justice Jackson, who declared that the original convictions did "not meet any civilized conception of due process of law. . . . The case presents one of the best examples of one of the worst menaces to American justice."

The vested interests of the Dixiecrats were not to be given up without a struggle. The response of many Southern leaders was complete defiance of the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Governor James Byrnes of South Carolina declared that his state would "abandon the public-school system" if it couldn't continue to segregate Negro and white students. "South Carolina will not now, nor for some years to come, mix white and colored children in our schools. In the reconstruction days, a carpetbag government tried to do it and failed. A Democratic Administration cannot now do what a Republican Administration could not then do." Byrnes proposed that rather than obey the Supreme Court, the churches would run the schools, and all Negro teachers would be discharged. The Charleston *News and Courier* evoking the horrors of "intermarriage," "amalgamation" and "mongrelization," called on the descendants of the Civil War heroes to emulate the resistance of their forefathers. The results were soon felt. Federal Judge J. Waties Waring, who had urged South Carolina to rejoin the Union, had a fiery cross burned in front of his house, shots fired into his home and bricks thrown in his windows. A Negro student who took the Supreme Court decision literally and applied to the South Carolina Medical College had a fiery cross burned in front of his home.

In Georgia, Governor Herman Talmadge introduced a constitutional amendment to turn over the entire Georgia school system to private individuals in preference to having integration take place in the schools. Talmadge's major political aide, Roy Harris, threatened that if segregation was ended, Negroes would be driven forcibly from 50 Georgia counties, and Talmadge himself warned that integration "would create more confusion, disorder, riots and bloodshed than anything since the Civil War."

Governor Fielding Wright of Mississippi declared that his state would insist upon segregation "regardless of the costs or consequences." The Alabama legislature passed a unanimous resolution which stated: "The way of life of the Southern people, civilization itself as we know it in the South, peace and good will between white and Negro races depend on segregation. . . . We won't submit to the intermingling of races in public schools."

Similar responses were received from the Governors of Arkansas, Texas, North Carolina and Virginia. The courts of Tennessee and Florida have refused to admit Negro university students. The Governor of Oklahoma threatened that all Negro teachers would be out of work if integration took place.

Is there a perceptible plan of organization behind the violence? In the Sweatt case, the Attorneys General of 12 Southern states combined their efforts in a brief opposing Sweatt's admission to the University of Texas Law School. There are rumors that a research center to oppose all NAACP cases in the South has been established.

Violence against Negroes is officially excused, as a rule, on the claim that individual Negroes were resisting arrest or attempting to escape. NAACP lawyers are barred from trials whenever technical excuses can be found. There was even an attempt to bar NAACP special counsel, Thurgood Marshall, from a case in Kansas City on the grounds that as a former member of the National Lawyers Guild, an organization cited by the House Un-American Activities Committee, it could be inferred that Marshall had violated the Smith Act by advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

The lack of affirmative action by police authorities, and the lack of punitive action against offenders, not only encourages those disposed to violence, but gives a go-ahead sign to new atrocities.

The fight against murders and violent destructions of property goes on despite this. In the Moore case, the NAACP wired Attorney General J. Howard McGrath demanding action by the Department of Justice and on January 8 received a reply that the FBI would investigate the case. But McGrath has studiously avoided taking any action against Sheriff McCall for the murder of Sheppard. He has failed to prosecute for the murder of Mitchell. He has failed to intervene in the intimidation of Reverend Delaine. The prospects of the Administration, in an election year, taking action that would gravely offend the Dixiecrats seems unlikely, yet, as Thurgood Marshall has declared, "only with the aggres-

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sive intervention" of the federal government "will this type of lawlessness be curbed."

As a result of the Moore murder, the NAACP has invited the top leaders of civic, religious, racial, labor and other national groups to join in discussion with them in an effort to find a solution. Ultimately a conference with the President is desired.

Over 200 Negro leaders in the South met at Jacksonville, Fla., January 20 to protest the Moore incident. During the past few weeks, memorial meetings have been held in some 300 cities. But this protest is not enough unless it is accompanied by a clear-cut declaration to the present Administration that the protection of life and property by federal agencies is an absolute necessity. The Supreme Court and the Constitution must be obeyed, and the culprits, small and large, brought to justice. Otherwise, aroused citizens will look anew for political leadership that provides security and bold law enforcement.

HAROLD L. ICKES: *We Want to Join the Sunday School*

ON PAST occasions, politicians applying their vocations of robbing the public have taken to cover when their depredations have become so obvious, repellent, unsavory and expensive that even the boldest felt an occasional "retreat" might be good for their souls and might save something of their ill-gotten riches. Today what began as a strategic retreat, for purely prudential purposes, has become a rout. Political rats of varying shades and appetites, adopting means as pious as the bony structures of their heads will permit, insist once more that they will go back to the rat holes and sewage pipes, that have been their favorite retreats, never to return if their relentless pursuers will "lay off."

It was neither planned nor in the nature of things that in gunning about for each other during the last sessions of Congress, in the absence of knowing what better to do, the jolly old Democrats and the jolly old Republicans soon found themselves glaring accusingly at each other with no real intent other than to collect the usual degree of mayhem without which both parties would lack even a seeming issue in a campaign year. Here, they supposed, was one campaign issue made to order—"Sin in High Places"—a horrible drama of executive wrongdoing enacted against the same safe, shabby, Congressional backdrop. Republicans blanched at Democratic sins; Democrats shuddered at Republican sins, and all joined happily in the hurly-burly. It all looked safe and sound and clean with headlines capable of being produced at will up to the very day of election in November and nobody in the business of profiteering really hurt.

But something happened. Certain highly placed officials spoke too tempestuously at the wrong time and place and, before any one quite realized it, the whole world was gazing goggle-eyed at televised public figures which became more and more familiar in disclosures that surpassed any "whodunit" yet written. Many an "honorable" man became aware of the dangers of indiscriminate hunting. Many a "lover of civil liberty" cried out that crooks and dope peddlers should be given protections and privileges in investigations previously denied to men suspected of unpopular political convictions. "Save himself who can" became the generous and gallant war cry on the hills where guardians of our liberties hold forth.

It was to be expected that Senators and Representatives and their sisters, their cousins and their aunts by birth and by marriage, would cling to the time-tested formulas, joining in the hue and cry to expose and punish the tax thieves and other criminals who in truth have been their own allies, backers and friends. By rushing to the command of the armies of reform, and leading them away from the battlefields of corruption to arid deserts in the pursuit of wraiths, the politicians have survived to "fight" another day. But this time the American people are on the march, as they rarely are except once in a decade. They are not going to be satisfied with permitting Congress to make a report on itself; the pens of the reformers in the hands of the very scriveners who have been making a specialty of covering up themselves, their fellow-crooks, their political bosses and their grafting overlords during the years when it has probably been fair to say that we have developed a Congress with the worst smell and the most corroded consciences that can be disclosed in any page of the US Congress anywhere.

The American people are too sophisticated to be gulled by the innocent-looking committees on both sides of the House which are clamorously engaged in the wholesale dissemination of red herrings, frantic in their efforts to lose themselves in the crowd. Let the Republicans and Democrats alike cauterize their noisome sores lest each be overcome by the stench of its own corruption. For, however soiled and shabby may be the upper crusts, the core of this people is yet sound and good. HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

SEX MURDER INCORPORATED

by Malcolm Cowley

A DANGEROUS paranoiac is cruising the streets of New York in a high-powered car, with a gun in the side pocket of the door and another under his jacket in a shoulder holster. He is licensed to carry arms, being a private detective, and he also regards himself as divinely licensed to rob, kidnap, torture and kill, so long as he is furthering what he thinks are the ends of justice. He suffers from systematized delusions of persecution and grandeur. Sexually perverse, he takes a peculiar delight in shooting bad women in the abdomen. His name is Mike Hammer and he is the hero of a series of so-called detective stories by a new author, Mickey Spillane.

Just now the Mike Hammer stories are the hottest items in reprint publishing. Dutton starts them out in hard covers and they have a moderately large bookstore sale; but then the New American Library, publisher of the Signet and Mentor series, reprints them in varnished paper covers and the adding machines get busy. The latest Mickey Spillane to be reissued is *The Big Kill*, which appeared on December 12 in a first printing of two and a half million copies, probably the largest on record. At the same time the New American Library was reprinting more than a million copies of earlier Spillane novels: *I, the Jury* (Mike Hammer is judge and jury too), *My Gun Is Quick*, *Vengeance Is Mine* (saith Mike Hammer) and *One Lonely Night*. It is less than three years since they began appearing as Signet books and already there are more than 10 million copies in print.

They do not pretend to have literary merit. The style is a mixture of Raymond Chandler and the hard-boiled comic books; the characters have no emotions except hatred, lust and fear. Mr. Spillane explains the popularity of his work by two ingredients found, he says, in all his books: fast-action plots and a walloping surprise ending. Both ingredients require further definition.

The fast-action plots consist of a linked series of episodes, with each of the episodes conforming to the same double pattern. First Mike Hammer goes to see an incredibly beautiful woman; there are five or six of these in each novel. The woman makes a shameless attempt to seduce him, usually by exposing herself; sometimes she tears open her dress from throat to waist. Mike has a wriggly feeling up and down his spine; time and again he has that feeling, but he usually manages to resist temptation. "Some other night, baby," he says between clenched teeth; then he jumps into the high-powered car and speeds off to discharge the sexual tension by killing or maiming a hoodlum.

This second part of the episode is likely to culminate in a scene of pointless and half-mad brutality. Here, for example, is a passage from *The Big Kill*, telling what happened in the toilet of a waterfront saloon when two gorillas tried giving the works to Mike Hammer:

> The little guy stared too long. He should have been watching my face. I snapped the side of the rod across his jaw and laid the flesh open to the bone. He dropped the sap and staggered into the big boy with a scream starting to come up out of his throat only to get it cut off in the middle as I pounded his teeth back into his mouth with the end of the barrel. The big guy tried to shove him out of the way. He got so mad he came right at me with his head down and I took my own damn time about kicking him in the face. He smashed into the door and lay there bubbling. So I kicked him again and he stopped bubbling. I pulled the knucks off his hand then went over and picked up the sap. The punk was vomiting on the floor, trying to claw his way under the sink. For laughs I gave him a taste of his own sap on the back of his hand and felt the bones go into splinters.

Sometimes in the story the fierce joys of sadism give way to the subtler delights of masochism. Mike Hammer is captured by gangsters and tied to a chair, while they try to make him turn over some information. One of them wraps a wet towel around his fist and keeps working over Mike's head. "I only had to shake my head once and that fist clubbed it again. It went on and on until there was no pain at all and I could laugh when he talked to me and try to smile when the delivery boy in the corner got sick and turned his head away to puke." But Mike laughs harder at the end of the chapter when he wipes out the nest of gangsters by filling their guts with lead. Soon he is back in the high-powered car, ready to visit another incredibly seductive woman and start a new episode.

As for the second ingredient to which Mr. Spillane attributes the popularity of his novels, the surprise ending is always walloping, but it may not be completely a surprise. The reader of one Mike Hammer story can guess the villain of the next. He can guess that the perpetrator of all the cruel murders in the book—except those committed by Mike himself—will be one of the beautiful women who have tried to seduce the hero. He can also guess that Mike will face the woman in the last chapter and, after tearing the mask from her sins and the clothes from her body, will shoot her down with hot slugs from his Luger that "ripped through flesh and intestines."

In these final walloping scenes Mike reveals something about himself that the reader may have suspected from the beginning. It has to be emphasized that I am talking about the hero, not the author. Mr. Spillane, born in Brooklyn, is a former cadet instructor and fighter pilot who lives with his wife and two children in upstate New York; I have no doubt that he is a pillar of society. Mike Hammer, on the other hand, is a homicidal paranoiac with all

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the clinical symptoms of his disease. Like other paranoiacs, he has strong homosexual tendencies and, when he tries to suppress them, they drive him into acts of violence. In each book he projects his feelings of guilt on a bad woman who has tried to seduce him. He looks at her with hatred "dripping out of me," he says, "and scoring my face. My eyes burned holes in my head and my whole body reeled under the sickening force that pulled me toward her." The quotation is from *Vengeance Is Mine*, a novel that ends with a peculiarly nauseating wallop. As Mike's bullets go ripping through her intestines we learn that the incredibly seductive woman is a man in disguise.

I am not used to having Jack the Ripper presented as a model for emulation and I confess that Mike Hammer frightens me. It has been argued that the stories have no relation to American life; that they put together the ingredients of the Western novel, the pursuit thriller, the comic strip and the animated film cartoon into a cockeyed fairy story that has no more social significance than the fun house at Coney Island. The publishers, I suppose, would like to accept this explanation: what fun! The New American Library has a literary conscience and publishes more good books than any of the other reprint houses; for example, it issues the novels of William Faulkner and excellent new translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. But Mike Hammer's rages aren't those of Achilles and he hasn't quite the wisdom of Odysseus.

What frightens me about these fairy tales is that they are entirely too close to one side of American life in 1952. We have been reading about more and more crimes of violence, especially those directed against women. Police statistics show that, while old-fashioned burglaries are decreasing, rapes, mutilations and violent robberies are growing in number from year to year. I wouldn't say that Mike Hammer had anything to do with police statistics, and the fact may be that reading these stories is a means of channeling off the dangerous impulses into daydreams. On the other hand, Mike Hammer helps to show—like the comic books and some of the animated cartoons—that the sadism is there, in the midst of our elaborate and internally peaceful culture. A few weeks ago I read about a sailor in Brooklyn who was arrested for robbing women in lonely streets. He snatched their handbags, then knocked them down, kicked them in the abdomen—like Mike Hammer—and left them gasping and vomiting on the sidewalk to wait for the ambulance. Maybe he wasn't a reader of the Mike Hammer stories, but he was part of the same moral configuration.

INDICTMENT OF INDIA

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN, by Nirad C. Chaudhuri (Macmillan; $6).

"UNADULTERATED decadence." Such is the sweeping "indictment of my people" which Nirad Chaudhuri postponed writing until May, 1947, when, in the midst of India's partition riots, he finally abandoned hope that his unpleasant analysis might be disproved.

"I have only to look within myself and contemplate my life to discover India," believes this self-styled "unknown Indian." The ensuing account pictures "the rebarbarization of the whole of India in the last twenty years, a story which is as sensational and as ominous for human civilization, but not as well known, as the story of the barbarization of Germany by the Nazis."

More startlingly, Chaudhuri concludes that the cure for India is another spell of domination by the West, this time primarily by America. Three times only has India been drawn into the "stream of life": with the coming of the Aryans, of Islam, and of the British. Nowhere does he see creative forces within India. He predicts—and, what is more unusual, longs for—a flood tide of Western power in Asia, at least in India, to arrive as soon as the Atlantic peoples have successfully organized under the leadership of the US.

One might almost suspect that a frustrated Anglo-Indian was speaking. The dedication is "to the memory of the British Empire in India" which "made, shaped, and quickened . . . all that was good and living within us." But the author has never been to Britain, does not wear Western clothes and, despite the admitted Anglicism of his spirit, shunned contact with colonial Englishmen. Instead, there emerges a tragic record of a displaced person whose mind is wedded to Milton and Shakespeare, whose body is marooned in a Hindu country and a revolutionary continent.

There is passion in these five hundred pages, and occasionally beautiful passages, and there is a controversial theme to which the author finally returns with a vengeance in the concluding historical essay; nevertheless, this is a meandering book. "I did not know how to take leave gracefully after a reasonable time," the author confesses about his youth; at fifty he has still to learn this knack.

Still, his story tells a lot. His pastoral chapters on boyhood in an Indian village give a glimpse of the million or two villages which are Asia. His reactions and insights provide an approach to the "mind and heart of Asia," of which one known Indian insists that we Americans have no understanding.

Some "top secrets" are deliberately uncovered, which will irritate most of the Indians any of us know. As for India's "spirituality," the author describes Old Hinduism smoking his hookah, ready to swallow the world in a bored yawn, and New Hinduism either sniffing on the trail of sinecures or smoldering with cruel violence.

An Indian's obsession with color, which Chaudhuri sees as the central problem in relationship with a European, is accentuated by the Hindu's own unsurpassed exaltation of fair skin. The very word "caste" in Hindi means "color." When he comes across an "unclean foreigner" who has a lighter complexion, he is humiliated and seeks to explain it by calling the European a leper. When Chaudhuri, in the balcony, watched an English crowd at a concert, all he could think of was dropping a bomb and killing the lot.

What is most painful is Chaudhuri's own total surrender to the dazzle and dynamism of the troubled West. "We are only plywood," he says of India. What is wrong with plywood?

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Chaudhuri's life summary may be taken with a grain of salt, and so may his prophecies. He comes from an upper-caste, Western-minded Bengal landowning family; and has hardly stirred from Calcutta. Bengal, the Balkans of India, a fiery, militant, upset state, where Gandhi was least of all accepted, where the cult of the revolver and acid bomb continues, is hardly the place to judge the creative possibilities of one-fifth of the world's people. And the author has not even visited his nearby village home for thirty years—a thirty years full of unpredictable change in Indian villages.

Yet there remains sympathy. For although the author concludes "that to sit by the rivers of Babylon is not necessarily to weep in Hebraic sorrow," there are pages of his story which seem marked by tears. HARRIS WOFFORD JR.

Harris Wofford Jr. is co-author with his wife, Clare, of India Afire. Since returning from India he has been studying law at Howard University.

DUBLIN HOTEL

THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf; $4).

ELIZABETH BOWEN is an Irishwoman, although the first Bowen, as she has related in *Bowen's Court*, was a Cromwellian adventurer who was given large grants of land belonging to one of the Irish families on the defeated side. She is, I am convinced, as Irish as the bulk of the population of a country where Danes, Normans, English, Scotch, Huguenots infiltrated and intermarried with the hereditary Irish for hundreds of years. However, in some way, she has missed the Irish tradition inherited by people more immediately British than herself.

In the present book she is bent on showing that the hotel, so finely situated by Stephen's Green Park, is a national Irish institution. But, to one who thinks it over, it is nothing of the kind; it was popularly regarded as an adjunct to Dublin Castle, the Viceregal Lodge and the Ascendancy. As Miss Bowen, in later pages of this book, notes, it was "the social headquarters of the British in Ireland," and it flew the Union Jack until the time came when the worldly-wise manager decided it might be more profitable to float the new Irish tricolor. It was inhabited by people who had plenty of money and who gave at least lip service to the British domination. They would bring their daughters up from the country houses to be presented at Castle functions, to enter the marriage market, to gaze at royalty when it was there and to sing *God Save the Queen* or *God Save the King*. This lip or tongue loyalty often did not go very deep, and some of the debutantes, like Maud Gonne and Constance Gore-Booth (Countess Marcievicz), later became effective rebels.

The proprietors of the Shelbourne, like the good shopkeepers they always were, were not too much committed to politics. When the time came they could easily move from one side to the other, and it is now a boast that the constitution of the new Irish state was drawn up in one of the Shelbourne rooms (it is not mentioned that some of the constitution-makers were machine-gunned from the Shelbourne roof when they were in the trenches in Stephen's Green). At present the hotel is the headquarters of Americans and English who visit Ireland and, in spite of its unrivaled situation, there are other hotels in Dublin that boldly challenge its supremacy.

The Shelbourne specialized in celebrating royal visits, and Miss Bowen has entertaining accounts of these sojourns, although she is innocent of the Dublin stories and folklore connected with them. Generally the royalties chose strategic periods for their visits. Just as the famine of '46 and '47 was ended and the rebellion of '48 over, Queen Victoria arrived with four of her cute little children. She committed the fearsome Philistinism of signing her name in the illuminated eighth-century *Book of Kells* in Dublin University. Later she came on a few other occasions, her last visit being as a sort of recruiting sergeant during the Boer War. But times had changed; the courtesy she had, as a young woman, noticed, was no longer much in evidence; black flags were raised here and there in the city instead of Union Jacks—though not on the Shelbourne, naturally! The young W. B. Yeats and the former Castle debutante, Maud Gonne, went round in a cab, rolling up and carrying off the red carpets that had been laid out for august visitors. But that is one side of Dublin history Miss Bowen knows nothing about. One of the wits of the town wrote a "pome" supposed to have been composed by the old queen and delivered by her as a parting speech:

Me lovin' subjects, sez she, here's my best respects, sez she,
An' I think there's a slate, sez she, off Willie Yeats, sez she.
He should be at home, sez she, French-polishin' a pome, sez she,
An' not writin' letters, sez she, about his betters, sez she,
Paradin' me crimes, sez she, in the "Irish Times" sez she.

Though Her Majesty did not know it, the British rule in Ireland was going, going, gone. The social history of Dublin is a peculiar one, and in *The Shelbourne Hotel* Miss Bowen records one side of it in an engaging fashion. MARY M. COLUM

THE HUMAN COMEDY

THE LIGHT AND THE DARK ($3), TIME OF HOPE and THE MASTERS ($3.50 each), by C. P. Snow. Macmillan.

FUTURE literary historians might conceivably designate the fiction of our time as "the novel of the segmented man." The many influential and unassimilated studies of man (Freud through Kinsey) which assault and confuse us, create myopic concentrations of interest that swell one limb and distort the total image. We are often given the novel of the economic man, the man who is all psyche, the political man, but rarely the whole man. In time, when the theories and scientific superstitions have boiled together long enough, the steam evaporated, and the remaining mass made digestible, we may have again the novel of the complete man as in the nineteenth century.

Such novels—solid, complex and whole—are in fact being written today by C. P. Snow, who is engaged in a sort of modern English *Comédie Humaine*, of which three sections have been published here. They are independent novels but linked by several common characters.

The Light and the Dark is about Roy Calvert, a golden boy who comes to dust because of one virtue which is also his tragic flaw. He is colorful, successful, rich and dearly loved, but too honest and analytical for the self-deception which will permit him the one large faith he

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deeply needs. He tries to immerse himself in loves, and for a while in religion and later in German fascism. The failure of each rips the pattern of his life a little more until the tear widens into inevitable suicide, gracefully and quietly planned.

Time of Hope concentrates on Lewis Eliot, the common narrator of the three novels. Eliot is Horatio to Calvert's Hamlet, quiet, steady and hard-working. He plans his life carefully and shrewdly and almost reaches the point of success as a barrister when the whole painstakingly built structure is blown apart by an impossible marriage. Eliot decides to maintain the marriage in the sudden sobering maturity which comes to him when he realizes that the emotional pattern of his life inevitably led to such a woman and that it was her faults rather than her charms that he needed. The last chapters of the book, portraying the love affair, marriage and the final coming of age of the hero, make a profoundly disturbing and illuminating experience.

The Masters is smaller in compass and more limited in its superficial structure than the other two books, but it is fully as rich. The Master of a small College in Cambridge is incurably ill and a successor must be elected from among his colleagues, by them. The passions and vanities of a group of varied personalities are brought into tense play by this comparatively simple situation. The ambition of one, the bitterness of another, one man's love for his silly wife, another's political ideals become entangled during the deliberations, and among them dance the strands of several kinds of indecision. The machinations and the shifts in loyalty take on a larger size than the election of a college Master; these might be the back-room deals that go into making a mayor or a prime minister, windy with the wild drives that propel men into a struggle for power.

Three such bare outlines hardly convey the many convincing moods and tones in the novels, or the quality of their restrained yet intimate style, or the colorful galleries of vibrant minor characters. And varied as are the people, each uniquely clear and full dimensioned, they are all truly burdened with the common responsiblity of being human and the common terror of being odd and alone.

The extent of his interest and vision, plus his penetration and insight, gives Mr. Snow's project the possibility of almost limitless scope. Because his sphere is all men and the whole man, the design of his series seems to share the largeness and the serene balance of great cathedrals or the masses of Bach. KATE SIMON

MUSIC

English Classic

BY REVIVING Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, if only in concert form, the New Friends of Music reminded us that there is one truly great tragic opera with an English text. Purcell wrote *Dido and Aeneas* in 1689 for amateur performance by the young ladies of Josias Priest's school in Chelsea (with the role of Aeneas and the male choral parts sung, so the English scholar Edward J. Dent thinks, by "lay-clerks from Westminister Abbey"). When he composed the opera in order to earn a bit of pocket money, Purcell had no more idea that he was creating an immortal classic than Bach had when he wrote the *St. Matthew Passion* for his little church choir in Leipzig.

Much of the power of *Dido and Aeneas* derives from its spareness, its unelaborated statement of basic emotional facts. Within the limit of an hour's music, Aeneas courts and jilts the Queen of Carthage; she expires of grief to the poignant lament, "When I am laid in earth," and the chorus brings the curtain down with a pathetic madrigal, "With drooping wings ye Cupids come." This compressed music drama also contains supernatural scenes for three sorceresses, a chorus of sailors taking "a boozy short leave of the Nymphs on the shore," a hunting scene, a storm scene, the appearance of an evil spirit disguised as Mercury, an echo chorus, a laughing chorus, a hornpipe, and a dance of the Furies. Seldom has so much been accomplished in so short a musical span. Every note is interesting and meaningful, and the closing scene is sublime.

This great work—written in our own language and, despite the archaisms and hack rhymes of Nahum Tate's libretto, entirely intelligible and direct—has been ignored in the United States in favor of the standard Italian and German operas. The performance by the New Friends of Music—in itself a nightmare of stylistic ineptitude and downright misrepresentation of Purcell's musical text—served to indicate that it deserves currency on our stage. In England it has already been thoroughly reinstated, for it received three productions, all first-class, during the festival year; one of these was prepared and conducted by Benjamin Britten, and in another the Dido was no less a figure than Kirsten Flagstad.

Although no legal pyrotechnics have set in, Laszlo Halasz appears, for the time being at least, to have lost his battle against the New York City Center directors who summarily fired him a month ago. Joseph Rosenstock has been authorized to announce three new productions for the season beginning March 27: Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, Kurt Weill's *Three-Penny Opera*, with an English text by Marc Blitzstein, and Gian-Carlo Menotti's television opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. With the departure of the French conductor, Jean Morel, in protest against Halasz's dismissal, every French opera but *Manon* has disappeared from the announced repertory, and Rosenstock's choice of novelties indicates that Teutonization will become the order of the day.

On a new batch of seven long-playing records, RCA Victor has retrieved from its Camden archives a number of impressive performances, mostly vocal, by artists of a generation and more ago. Three of the records are one-man shows: *Caruso in Opera and Song* provides illustrations of the change in the quality of his voice from 1907, when he made a light and limber version of "Di quella pira," from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, to 1920, when, singing into the old-fashioned recording horn for the last time, he delivered the "Domine Deus" from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, in tones that were dark and almost tragic. *John McCormack in Opera and Song* recalls the wonderful ease and lilt of his Irish-tenor voice and, in a brief diversion, shows him struggling earnestly but not very successfully with a passage from Wagner's *Tristan*. With her incredibly sumptuous voice, Rosa Ponselle, now living in Baltimore in a retirement her friends maintain is unwarranted, sings circles around every present-day dramatic soprano in excerpts from Spon-

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tini's *La Vestale* and Verdi's *Otello*. Sprinkled through the other three vocal records are tidbits by such notables as Geraldine Farrar, Lucrezia Bori, Amelita Galli-Curci, Elisabeth Rethberg, Louise Homer, Giovanni Martinelli, Beniamino Gigli and Tito Schipa. It is proof of the stubbornness of the male of the species that these three tenors are still willing to sign whenever anyone engages them, whereas the ladies (in this list, only Homer is dead) all retired punctually when their voices began to decline. The single non-vocal record is called *Great Pianists Play Chopin*, and contains remarkable performances, in various states of acoustical repair, by Cortot, De Pachmann, Levitzki, Lhévinne, Paderewski, Rachmaninov and Rosenthal.

The flood of full-length opera recordings continues. Puccini's *Tosca* is now available from both Westminister and (at a cut-rate price) from Remington. I have heard only the Westminster, a competent job made in Vienna by uncelebrated Italian singers who know their way about in the melodramatic score. Cetra-Soria has added two Verdi operas to its list—the little-known but striking *Luisa Miller* (composed just before *Rigoletto*) in a good performance, and *Il Trovatore* (until now unavailable on LP) in a routine one.

When Lotte Lehmann sang her farewell recital in Town Hall on February 16, 1951, a microphone preserved the event for posterity. More to be treasured than the lieder performances, which are not so good as those the soprano made in earlier years, is the intermission speech in which Mme. Lehmann announces that, like her most celebrated operatic character, the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*, she has looked in the mirror and said, "It is time."

Among recent single discs the following are recommended: Liszt's *Todtentanz*, volcanically erupted by Alexander Brailowsky, Fritz Reiner and the RCA Symphony Orchestra, with a somewhat tamer performance of Franck's *Symphonic Variations*, by Brailowsky with Jean Morel conducting, on the other side (RCA Victor). Two Beethoven sonatas—Opus 13 (the *Pathétique*) and Opus 111—played by the English pianist Solomon about as well as it is possible to play them (RCA Victor). Two Schubert string quartets—in B flat major, Opus 168, and in D major, Opus posthumous—are played at a level beyond criticism by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet (Westminster). A strike at the Bridgeport factory has prevented Columbia from producing any records for almost two months. CECIL SMITH

MOVIES

Cry of Africa

IT WOULD be absurd to say, without having read the book, that the movie of Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* is better than the novel. Yet I think that this could well be true. The very simple ideas on which the story is founded—that we must love one another, that sorrow begets compassion, that men who cannot find words for communication can understand with their hearts—may look exposed and naïve in the frame of a modern novel. But when actions stemming from such ideas are performed by actors who understand what they are doing, the tale can be as persuasive as a ballad. I do not remember having seen a cast so evidently convinced of the truth and importance of its story as the international, interracial group assembled by London Films and directed by Zoltan Korda on location in Africa.

Some might say that Korda has instilled in his actors almost too much reverence for the material, thereby repressing the individuality that would have given more immediacy to a story based on a situation of immediate concern. Perhaps, but I think on the whole that his way is right. Greater realism would have offered greater scope for factual objection and partisan argument; not every facet of the South African social problem is considered in *Cry, the Beloved Country*, but what is presented is above disagreement and any man who claims that it is too simple is himself not simple enough.

Paton's outline of the story is well

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known: in the hills of Natal live two men and their wives—James Jarvis, a white farmer, and Stephen Kumalo, a Negro Anglican priest. The priest is called to Johannesburg to aid his sister and to find his son; he is helped in these missions by the Reverend Msimangu, a younger member of his order. Kumalo is shocked by the conditions under which his people live in the white metropolis; he is tormented by the discovery that his sister is a prostitute and his son a thief. Even while the father searches for him, the boy murders a man and it is soon known that the victim is Jarvis' son. The fathers meet in Johannesburg and they pity each other; they meet again in the Natal hills and there they shake hands and pledge each other to the future. It is not a new kind of story, but neither is it one that ever gets old. And it is played with a richness of correct observation about instinctive passions and trained behavior that gives it importance far beyond its timeliness.

As the poor, far from brilliant, but invincibly honorable, dignified and direct Kumalo, Canada Lee does the best work of his career. There has been a missionary fervor in every role Lee has played and sometimes it has caused him to preach through his part, but now the part is itself a preachment and he can devote himself to giving it body. The result is a performance of rare stature, at once appealing and inspiring. Jarvis is played by Charles Carson, an experienced English actor little known here. His part is the difficult sort of second lead that must establish itself in competition with the superior dramatic material of the lead. Carson brings to it just the proper weight and attention. Sidney Poitier is the subtle, doubting, near-fanatic Msimangu; Joyce Carey is Mrs. Jarvis, an understanding English wife; she plays it well, but it is the only obvious character in the story. Korda has directed his picture with no tricks or sensations and with no lapses or loose ends. It is a solid construction.

For a weepily sententious demonstration of the extreme peculiarity of life, there has never been a machine to match the collapsing bridge at San Luis Rey; almost any season one or another of the studios will wheel it out for a gusty bout of philosophizing. This time, Twentieth Century-Fox gives the device the full marquee treatment in *Phone Call from a Stranger*. The picture, from an I. A. R. Wylie story, is produced by Nunnally Johnson, directed by Jean Negulesco and boasts Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn and Evelyn Varden in the cast. In addition, Bette Davis appears briefly.

The plot is one of those things that small boys take to pieces with a screwdriver. Miss Winters is entertaining because that is the way she is; Miss Davis, called upon to play a bedridden amateur marriage counsellor, looks as foolish as she undoubtedly feels. Pictures like *Phone Call* are what gives sophistication a bad name.

If Pier Angeli were not in it, there would be no reason to mention *The Light Touch*. This gentleman-crook foolishness we have all seen before and Stewart Granger and George Sanders walk through it like obedient wage earners. But Pier Angeli is the Italian girl whose troubled little face and air of confiding seriousness made the joys and sorrows of *Teresa* so memorable. It is cheating Miss Angeli to let her waste her school-girl intensity on a contrivance like *The Light Touch*. She will soon learn not to be taken in, not to become involved, and then we shall have lost another promising young actress.

It is ironically fitting that Cecil B. DeMille, now one of Hollywood's elder statesmen, should produce and direct *The Greatest Show on Earth*, a pseudo-documentary of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus on the road. In his younger days, De Mille was one of those who undertook to supply a spectacle for every neighborhood picture house and the Ringling outfit has had to fight hard to keep the loyalty of us yokels. It has done so largely by borrowing from Hollywood and its satellite industries: cuteness from the beauty parade, cheap laughs from Disney, cheap sex from the night clubs. The sawdust was dyed and a girl was hung from every guy wire, but the aerial acts got no better and the clowns began to lose their function in the new John Murray Anderson glitter. Accordingly, what De Mille can photograph today is a very late form of a very old tradition. He does it competently, though not with any particular originality or insight. The story, which occupies the attentions of James Stewart, Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde and a few other movie actors, is a satisfactory backstage romance; the documentation of the circus on the move is inevitably picturesque; the shots of the performance itself are monotonous and much too long. A real documentary director would have produced a more exciting picture, but it would not have been so insistently glamorous, and glamor is undoubtedly what John Ringling North ordered before he would permit a single seal to trumpet.

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TYRANNY OF WORDS

(*Continued from page 14*)

For example, on October 7, three days after the Jessup testimony, the New York *Post* headed an editorial, "THE OPPOSITION DEMANDS THAT ACHESON PROVE HIS STUPIDITY." "The debate is fantastic," the *Post* said, "because if the State Department is truly innocent of harboring such thoughts [of recognition] it should be hung for idiocy."

The impression mushroomed. Both the Chicago *Daily News*, in an editorial entitled "Candor Needed,' and the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* unknowingly echoed Senator Brewster's point of view when he said in the hearings, "I think you would have been delinquent if you had not given consideration to [recognition]," to which Jessup himself had so readily replied, "Certainly." The Toledo *Blade* doubted the State Department had ever considered recognition, but saw no reason why it should not admit as much if it had. The Cincinnati *Times-Star* said indignantly on October 20 that "if Jessup had frankly admitted bad judgment in advising on China policy, he would have kept the respect of the Senators. Instead, he solemnly swore that neither he nor his State Department superiors had ever 'seriously considered' recognition of Communist China."

Thus, as perceptibly as the separate cars of a railroad train lurch successively forward as the locomotive begins to move ahead, the opinion-molders of the country began to follow each other toward the firm conclusion that the State Department flatly disclaimed having "considered" recognition and that it was somehow delinquent in so doing.

The blame for the confusion in the Jessup case cannot be laid entirely at the doorstep of the American press, since, after all, it was the State Department, and not the press, which had originated the ambiguous phrase in its Far Eastern division, and had allowed it to become a doctrinal statement of policy. In this case, it was a small mistake made by a large institution, which happened to be magnified by circumstance.

The State Department is frequently, however, guilty of a more serious sin which has crippled its capacity to fight its domestic battles: the sin of reticence with the American press and public. The week of the Jessup hearings furnishes an excellent case in point.

On October 1, Harold Stassen, appearing before the McCarran Internal Security Subcommittee, charged that Jessup and Acheson had favored stopping aid to Chiang at a White House meeting he thought had taken place around January, 1950. The State Department at first found no record of such a meeting, and announced that Stassen's memory was "playing him tricks," then did find records of a White House meeting (at which Jessup was not present) a year before Stassen's memory had fixed it, and chief press officer Michael McDermott was forced to retract an earlier denial. At his press conference, despite friendly warnings by reporters that he was not answering the Stassen charges, McDermott refused to say what Acheson's position had been. The New York *Herald-Tribune* was forced to headline its story, "State Department Now Admits White House Parley, Doesn't Say Which Side Acheson Was On."

Six days later, Acheson himself dispelled suspicion by disclosing he had favored stopping arms shipments to the retreating Chiang on the advice that they might fall to the Communists. Had Acheson chosen to make this disclosure six days earlier, the reports of the McDermott press conference would have been more favorable both to him and to the Department.

The original Bridges resolution was referred to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. To avoid the possibility that it might be pigeon-holed or defeated there, Senator Bridges has now introduced a second resolution, calling outright for Jessup's recall, and employing a parliamentary device which should bring the resolution before the Senate as soon as there is an "adjournment," as opposed to the usual "recess." Unless the resolution is talked to death during the two hours allotted for its consideration, there will be, at long last, a test vote upon the nomination of United Nations delegate Philip C. Jessup.

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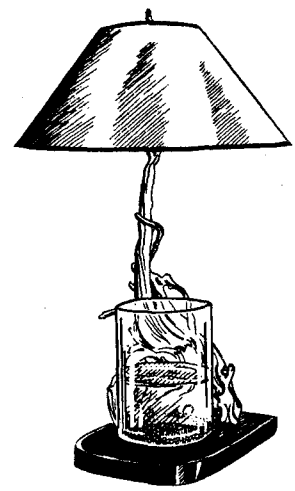

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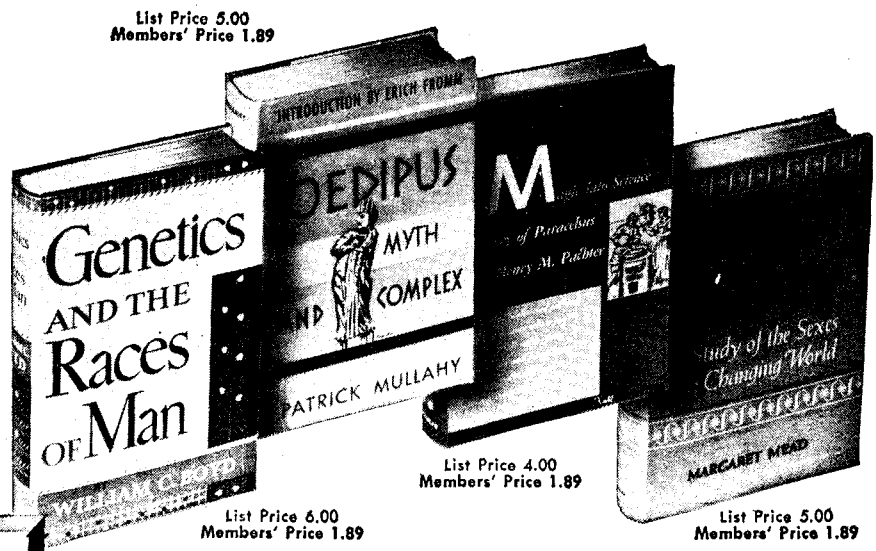

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